

**Cold Comfort.**  
The cause of woman's rights has met with a blow in England. A judicial decision has been rendered which attacks not only the claim of the wife to be independent of and superior to her husband, but even her right to share equally in one of the most indispensable privileges of any household. It is not her right to the metaphorical and symbolic trousers which is denied, but her reasonable and proper claim to a share in the marital blanket.

It has hitherto been supposed that the wife had a property in the undivided half of the marital bedstead, and that her truss and other necessities, which could only be destroyed by her own

The case which called out this decision originated in the vigorous conduct of a wife who returned to her home one day after evening and found her husband in bed, surrounded by a large supply of sheets and blankets wholly regardless of her feelings or the state of the bed.

rather. In ligant at his self-will, she proceeded to establish her rights with a fire shovel, and to continue him with the poker of the gross injustice of his conduct. The ignominy was which he had incased himself in a work of flannels proved fatal to the integrity of his suit, for he was unable to extricate himself before his wife had proceeded so far in her argument as to declare him a black and white. The following day he suffered again, on a charge of assaulted battery, of which he was found guilty, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment.

The possession of a right implies the further right to enforce it. If this injured woman could not enforce her

elation to half the marital blanket, it follows that her claim was not a legal one. The effect of this decision is, therefore, to apprise the wives of England that they are dependent for their support upon the generosity of their respective husbands. Hereafter, the selfish husband may toss his wife to shiver through the night unprotected, except by the casual ray or the accidental hearth fire, and no woman of foresight and caution will consent to enter the married state unless a proper provision of blankets be expressly guaranteed in the marriage settlement. Thus while Mrs. Jex Blake and her friends are fighting for the substantial shadow of hospital privileges, they are losing the independent

The substances of sheet and blanket. Though they gain the sweet privilege of earving the corpse of the pauper, their triumph is embittered by the thought that the life has cost sheet and blanket monopoly of blanket, and that the monster, man, is henceforth permitted to revel in illuminated bed clothes, while the wife is forced to sue humbly with the fire shovel for a corner of counterpane, and to feign banal as grateful for the boon of a narrow strip of sheet.

—N. Y. Times.

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### Napoleon II.

The mass of mankind, embracing many well read, have never heard of Napoleon II. Napoleon Francis

son of Francis, duke of Parma, was the son of a French nobleman, the fruit of a marriage between the sovereign and Maria Louise of Austria, and was from his birth styled the king of Rome. When his father, the first Emperor, was compelled to abdicate, in the year 1814 the king of Rome went with his mother to Vienna, and was there educated by his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria. His title was that of the Duke of Reichstadt. On Napoleon's return from Elba, in 1815, an attempt was made to remove the young duke to Paris, which was frustrated by the Austrian authorities. He died before he had assumed the title of Napoleon II, and the abdication of his father in his place was never admitted by the allies.

Why should the medical fraternity be particularly fond of the ladies? Because they are capital *Anna-Elisabeths*, and have given their names to Sal-volatile, Bell-donna and Magnesia. Besides which, we all know the ancient "I died for love of Jupiter," the present *Idol of Potassium*, is as a martyr to the noble cause of selenium. When a doctor takes a f.c. he certainly

The following letter, verbatim et literatim, was received by an undertaker recently, from an afflicted widow—  
"My dear Widder, I had now wrote to be buried at noon, A. M. water kkk. I am a mair to dig the hick--but the side of my too Other wife--Let it be deep!"

SMART—A young lady, seeking a situation, was interested in an advertisement for some one to do a little house keeping. So she wrote to the advertiser, asking where the light house was, and if there was any way to get